

# PENTHOUSE FORUM

ISSUE 007

## PERFECT TEN!

AMBER SYM  
BLOWS UP THE  
SCOREBOARD

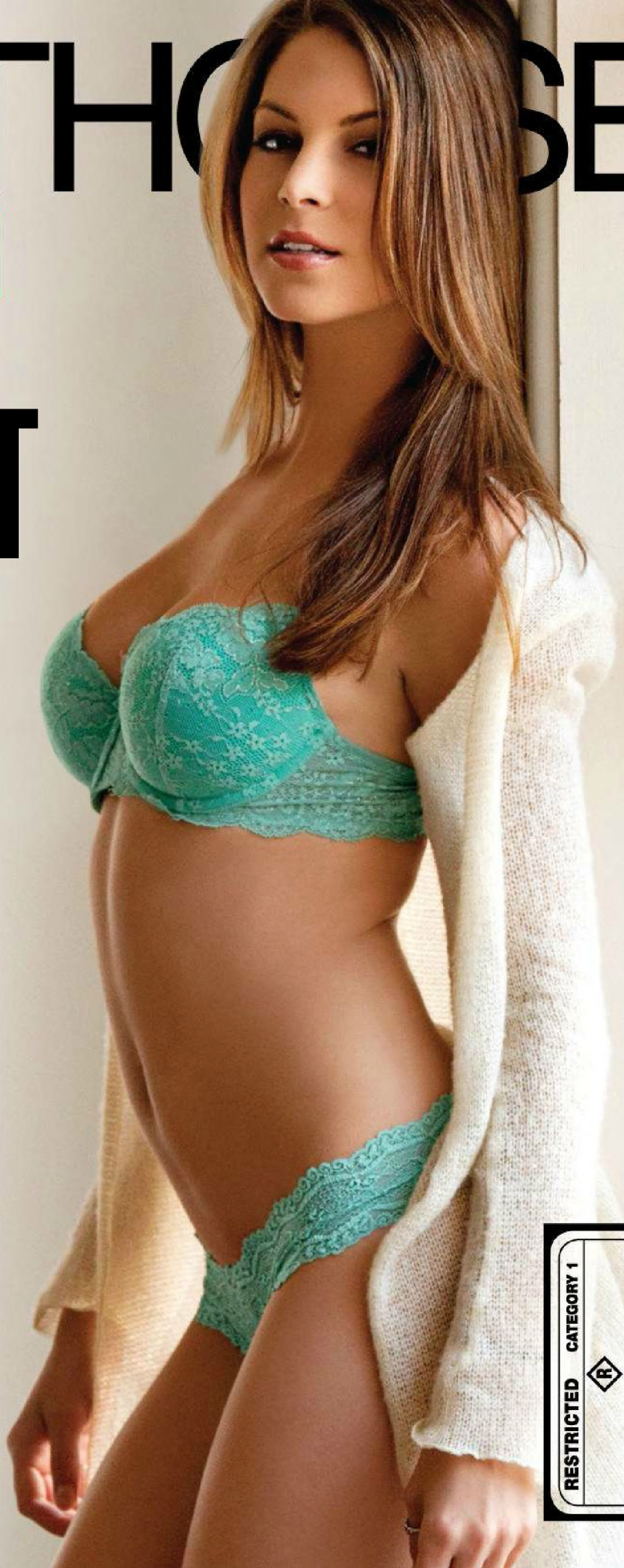
LETTER OF THE MONTH

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# PENTHOUSE FORUM



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### CAR WASH ANTICS

**F**our minutes. That's how long Lou gave me to get myself off. While it was not uncommon for him to issue ultimatums of a sexual nature or to get me riled up in public, on this occasion he proved to be particularly inventive.

After an otherwise mundane dinner date, he pulled the car into the car wash three blocks from his apartment and I could only throw him a confused look. He gave me smirk, "I have a job for you."

I raised my eyebrow and let him continue. "If you can get yourself off before the end of the wash, when we get home I'll fuck you so hard you'll be sore for a week."

Even as I felt blood rush immediately to my pussy at his suggestion, I laughed in his face. "Weren't you planning to do that anyway?"

"I was going to, yeah. But now, if you don't come in time, I won't fuck you at all."

He reached over and kneaded my thigh that was left exposed by my short dress, reminding me of how quickly my body reacted to his touch, whether it be gentle or demanding. I bit my lip in response, ready to play along if only to ensure he would give me his cock later that night. I had no doubt that he would deny me if I failed to rise to the challenge, not caring if he had to suffer as well. His patience and self-control were a few of his best qualities, but they also drove me insane since I lacked both when we were together.

"Any other rules? Or I just need to come before this is done?" I was already shifting in my seat as he paid the car wash worker and drove slowly to the garage entrance. Truthfully, I love when he lays down rules for me to follow during sex. Something about following orders, no matter how simple, never fails to get me off. I wasn't sure what would help me come faster, more or less guidelines.

Once on the tracks with the machine guiding his car, Lou looked over at me, his hand still on my thigh. "No rules, just come."

I ungracefully jerked off my seatbelt and reached up to pull off my panties quicker than you could say 'hungry little slut.' Lou let out a low chuckle as he watched, enjoying himself already. With one foot on the dashboard, I dove in with gusto, getting two fingers slick with my juices before rubbing them furiously over my clit. The air on my bare pussy felt like a crisp, cool wave crashing over a burning hot beach and I spread my thighs furtive to feel more of it.

Lou, with his deep-set brown eyes taking in the show I was putting on, started to strain

in his jeans in an instant. I reached over with my free hand to stroke his erection, loving his hardness under my palm and the mental image of him sinking it into my folds once we got home. To add fuel to the fire currently building, I conjured up a memory of us fucking on an old couch in his uncle's basement during a recent family gathering. It had been fast and nasty, just how we needed it sometimes. His hand had covered my mouth to keep me quiet as I rode him with abandon in a race to get off, until his milky come had spread itself inside my walls and I practically jumped out of my skin from the force of my orgasm.

Gasping at the memory, I glanced out the window while jerking myself at a frantic pace. The initial rinse was over and we were moving through the soap dispensers. I already felt like I was running out of time and the damn thing

### "THE THOUGHT OF LOU AND ONE OF THESE WORKERS CLAIMING EVERY HOLE ON MY BODY MADE ME TINGLE"

had just started. I removed my hand from my pussy and shifted over to straddle Lou, who greeted me with glee. Grabbing my wrist he ran his tongue once swiftly over my damp fingers before guiding them into my mouth to share the goodness.

Normally I love playing around at a leisurely pace, but I didn't have any time to waste. Freeing myself from his grasp, I returned my hand to my pussy under my dress, shoving two curled fingers into my entrance to stroke my g-spot as I let out a breathy moan. Lou, unable to help himself, began kissing my neck and squeezing my arse as my hips jerked forward against my hand. Fingers back on my clit, I resumed my earlier pace, determined to get it done, no matter what. But... it just wasn't enough, I needed something more. I groaned in frustration as Lou lovingly nibbled on my throat. I reached up, shrugging off a tiny sleeve of my dress to expose one breast, now covered by

just a thin layer of lace.

Lou's mouth met my nipple over the fabric, lapping at it like a faithful hound, trying to help me out however he could, knowing the consequences for both of us if I didn't finish in time. I felt my orgasm building as my breathing grew heavier and hotter against his tan skin. The wetness coating my pussy and fingers made an obscenely loud sound as I practically slapped the tender flesh to induce my release. Lou brought his mouth to mine, forcing his tongue between my lips, stealing even more of my limited air. When I saw the bright light of the sun stream into the car, I knew we were in trouble. But even as his car shifted off the tracks, I couldn't bring myself to care. I was almost there.

Two men came over to towel dry the car and I locked eyes with one, offering a bold smile, which he returned. Lou knew where we were, who was watching, and I think he cared less than I did as he resumed sucking on my neck. He was circling his hips, grinding against my thighs as if he was fucking me already. When I slowed down, Lou growled at me, "Don't stop, I know you're close."

"Lou?"

"Hmm?" He bit down on my nipple through my bra and my fingers were back to working overtime.

"This still counts as part of the wash, right?"

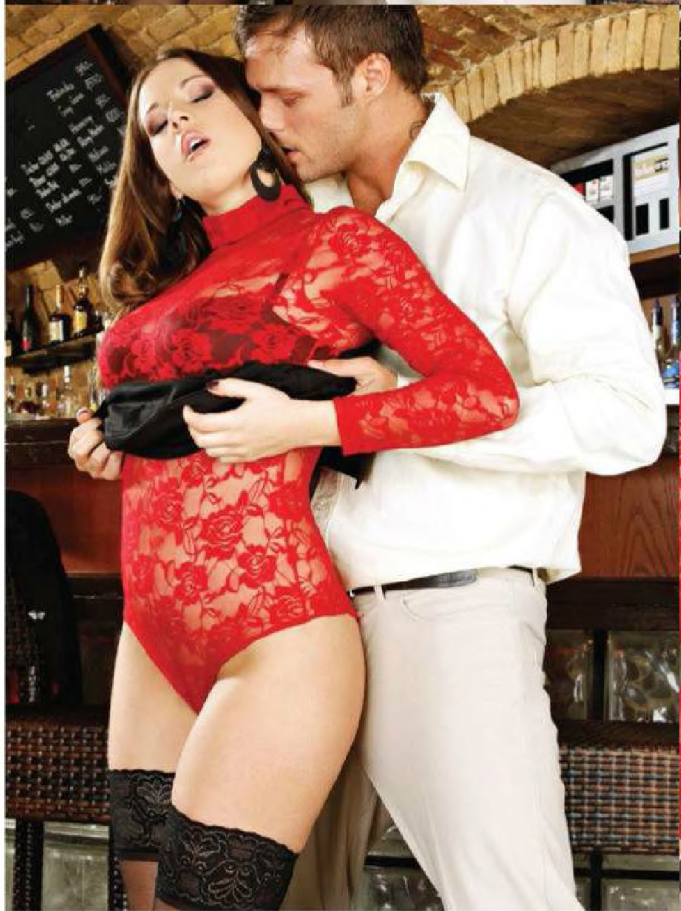
"Yeah, baby, it counts."

Good. I jerked my hips harder against my hand and watched the men drying our car watch me, their eyes on my body making me clench and whine in increased arousal. I wasn't very much exposed; one breast still tucked in my dress, the other covered by my bra, my bare cunt and arse unseen under my dress. Still, there was no doubt about what was happening.

As they buffed the car, I know they heard my moans of pleasure through the glass and the way their eyes discreetly, but obviously roamed over our display gave me the encouragement I needed. I wanted to get fucked... hard, which meant I needed to come, soon. I brought my slicked up fingers further back between my thighs to circle my tight arsehole, teasing myself. The thought of Lou and maybe one or both of these workers claiming every hole on my body made me tingle with lusty need.

I felt my pussy flexing around nothing, feeling so empty without Lou's cock or a dildo or my fingers to suck deeper inside me as I came. Still, with my fingers back on my clit, I came nonetheless, gasping against Lou's neck, nails of one hand digging into the headrest, Lou's long fingers leaving dark imprints on my







thighs. Lou held to me for a moment as I came down and then whispered in my ear, almost as breathless as I was, "Good girl!"

I mumbled out a 'thank you' and when I flopped back into my own seat again, the men were applying a coat of wax, still smiling at me in appreciation. I momentarily forgot about Lou for a second when one of the guy's caught my eye and grinned. I wanted to grab him by the shirt, drag him into the car and have the pair of them fuck me. Just the thought of that made me want to come on the spot!

I looked back at Lou. His eyes, dark with need, were also focused entirely on me. I almost felt bad he hadn't gotten to come yet. Almost. This was his game, after all.

The wax buffed away, my breath returned, Lou rolled down his window and handed each of the men a \$20 note. One of them, the one who had been watching me so intently laughed as he took the money. "I feel like I should be tipping you guys for that."

I mustered the energy to smack Lou's arm and jerked my chin at the guy. Lou understood instantly and nodded his agreement, reaching in his pocket to pull out a business card. "You can thank my girl anytime. Just give me a call and I'll set it up."

I winked at my new friend and his lip disappeared between his teeth. "Yeah, I just might do that."

Lou serious as ever, interrupted our flirtation. "One rule, though."

"Oh, yeah? What's that, my man?"

"I always get to watch."

He laughed, but nodded, his eyes still on me. I didn't break our eye contact, but reached over to put my hand on Lou's cock. "What's your name, baby?"

"Jaylen. And you sweetheart?"

"Leia."

"Pretty name for a pretty lady."

"Mmm, thank you." I stroked Lou over his jeans, still focused on Jaylen. I was still so horny from fucking Lou but imagining Jaylen fucking me on the hood of our car really set me off. I blushed and could feel myself start to slick up again.

"You should definitely call Lou, soon. But we gotta go," I teased.

"Oh, I will!" Jaylen let out a muffled groan of frustration before walking away. Lou cupped my face and seared a possessive kiss on my lips. He didn't mind sharing, but I was never to forget who owned me.

"Mmm, take me home, Lou."

He did. And I got my reward.

**L.J, Port Douglas, Qld.**

## ■ DOUBLE THE FUN

I loved these nights; out dancing with my girlfriends, getting loose, letting out all the stress of the week, and feeling really free. My husband; my caring, protective, hardworking husband is a great man, but a bit of a dork if I'm honest. He was already asleep on the couch and the kids were in bed, so I was free to enjoy my night out dancing with the girls.

After we arrived at the club and inhaled several cocktails, I could feel my inhibitions slip away and I was ready to dance. The girls and I made our way to the dance floor and started to get our groove on. I loved all the attention I was getting. My tight jeans and tight top, my arse twisting and turning, my long blonde hair and bubble butt were like a neon sign to the men in the club.

As the dance floor began to get more crowded, the sexy sharks started to circle. Two men particularly were watching, and dancing, with me; Rick, taller, broader shouldered, medium dark skinned; and Tom, shorter but thicker somehow in the chest. They took turns dancing with me, and I laughed to myself, wondering if I could have both or if I'd have to choose.

## "I LET MY MOUTH RELAX, LETTING HIS COCK PLUNGE DEEPER INTO MY THROAT"

At times they both danced with me, one in front, one in back. Rick was grinding against my front, his cock visibly stiffened in his jeans, pressed against my belly, too high for my crotch, but I felt it and enjoyed it; Tom though, Tom was grinding my arse and right against my arsehole, right against all that sensitivity, and he felt enormous, I knew he was much bigger, they both were, than my husband.

I could almost read Tom's mind as he pressed against my arse. I knew he was thinking "I bet this girl has never been fucked in the arse, I bet



her husband has never had the nerve, I bet he has no idea what it would be like to fuck her in the arse."

I laughed a bit to myself about how wrong he was. I was a girl who knew the joys of anal fucking and my husband did do it well, thank you very much. But this only made me needier, more wanton, and more inclined to grind back at him, and make him need more than ever the release of penetrating, pumping and ejaculating in me.

Another drink, more dancing, more grinding, my nipples now erect with desire, and a walk to the back for a pee. Coming out of the bathroom, Rick greets me as if he were waiting for me. Was this a coincidence? I bite my lip and grin as he takes my hands and leads, drawing me into one of the rooms.

I thought about my husband at home and felt guilty for a moment. But I mean, how bad would it be to mess around a bit after the





dancing we had done, simulated sex it was really? But a part of me knew it wasn't going to be just messing around if I had my way...

Rick's hands now went to my waist, around me, down to my arse, grabbing, pulling me to him, and kissing me, kissing me so hard with a tongue that seemed to be fucking my mouth, a long, thick, hard tongue, promising more of the same. Even as I kissed him, I was shaking my head at my bad behaviour. I should have felt more guilty but all I wanted was to wrap my lips around Rick's big cock which I could feel was about to burst through his jeans.

I dropped to my knees, I had to see his hard meat up close. I freed his cock from his jeans and immediately swirled my tongue on its lemon-sized head, licking up and down its shaft as long as a ruler, taking each of his balls into my mouth.

With his dark large hands on my head of blonde curly hair, he was now guiding me

back to his cock-head and my mouth over it, as I inhaled, taking it to the back of my throat. He groaned as I let my mouth relax, letting his cock plunge deeper and deeper into my throat. I started to move my head back and forward, encouraging him to thrust into my mouth. I sucked with all my might, my eyes watering, until I heard his raspy groan and his knees buckle and then the spurts, one two three four, each larger than the previous... straight down my throat.

With my husband that would be the end, but Rick was younger, more powerful, and that black dick in my mouth barely softened at all as I drew myself back and off it and then felt his hands under my shoulders, the pressure in the other direction, lifting me up but then, more domineering, more physical controlling, turning me at the same time, turning me around to bend me over the table, and I went with it, allowed myself to be turned and bent because

I was a woman with a wet pussy and he was a man with a hard cock and this is what life was, being a woman taken by a man who had to have it.

I nearly came on the spot when he whispered into my ear, "Baby, you know I am going to touch you in places you have never been touched, and make you feel things you have never felt."

I knew it was true but I couldn't resist any longer. I turned and bent and with trembling hands unbuttoned my own jeans and pulled down the front of them even as he pulled down the back of them over my curvy ass, down to my slightly bent knees where they came to a rest. Then he pushed his foot against me to spread my legs as far wide as those soaking wet panties would let them, stepping in between my thighs and using one hand to press the small of my back down a bit further, needing a better angle. I then felt two strong

hands pull apart my arse cheeks and the tip of his hot cock come up and under and into my swampy wetness; up and down the length of my slit, pressing hard now against my clit, and then away from it. I was sad to lose its pressure from my clit but now the pressure was on my lips, my inner lips now, stretching them.

I was wet enough to slowly ease him in, but I hadn't ever been stretched this wide, not even those times with the big toy. He hesitated at my opening before thrusting deep inside me with one swift movement.

"Oh god," I said, as it kept entering and entering inch after inch after inch, deeper than I'd ever felt, until his pelvis slammed my arse and I felt as if that lemon sized dick-head was now in my abdomen, as I lay against the cool table top and screamed, "Oh my god, oh my god," and then I knew I had to grab on. I grabbed onto the table edge out in front of me and held on for dear life as he pumped, slammed and grunted.

His cock head was not just in my belly now but also thrusting against the front of my pussy's tunnel wall, that most sensitive place, and touched me in places I had never been touched. I was feeling things I had never felt, and I screamed louder and louder and didn't care who heard it.

"Oh god, oh god, oh god! Fuck me! Fuck me harder!"

The fucking went on and on and I felt like I was being fucked all night and I knew people in the club or going to the rest room might hear me and I knew my girlfriends might hear and I didn't care I was being fucked in my pussy with a giant cock that wasn't my husband's and I didn't care who knew it. It didn't take long before I began coming and coming and shuddering so hard, so hard that the pressure on his cock was too great and he was coming too, shooting his seed and sperm deep, so deep, into me.

My orgasm was amazing, stunning, overwhelming, but I was a three orgasm a night girl, and I knew from the way Rick's cock was quickly deflating, receding, departing me that there was no more coming from him. I was still recuperating myself, still leaning forward, still grabbing the table, still feeling the afterglow of that fuck, while slowly beginning to recognize the wanton appearance of the position I was in and the picture it presented, me bent over arse and juicy pussy and his cum mixed with me juices running down me inner thighs.

I started to think I ought to get up, I ought to really, what if someone walked in, what if people walking had stopped to watch and this

is what they were seeing, when there it was - another hardness being pressed from behind. I arched my back to look over my shoulder and then I smiled. It was Tom from the dancefloor. I grinner and spread my legs wider, encouraging him to have a turn.

Tom's big dick slipped right into my pussy with nearly no resistance at all, Rick having stretched me out so thoroughly, and while it felt good- god it did feel good- I started to think I needed something more, I needed to again feel invaded, I needed to be even nastier than I had already been if that were possible, and clearly Tom was thinking the same, retracting his cock, now entirely lubricated with me juices and Rick's come, and I heard him whisper as much to himself as me, "That is a sweet pussy, but I don't like fucking in someone else's cum, and besides, I bet I can give you something you

### "I FELT A COCK BEING PRESSED AGAINST ME FROM BEHIND - IT WAS TOM FROM THE DANCEFLOOR"

never had before, something you didn't know you were missing, something you will learn to love like you never thought you could."

I thought to myself perhaps I should correct his misunderstanding, but I knew what a thrill he was probably having in his belief that he was taking my anal virginity, that he was deflowering my tight arse with his thick cock, and then even if I had wanted to say something all other thoughts went out of me head as me complete and utter concentration became focused on me tight anal opening now being invaded by Tom's thick cock.

"Oh my god!" I gasped and groaned, squeezing the table edge as I forced myself to relax my arse and control what couldn't easily be controlled; the opening of my own arse for a stranger's huge steel hard hot cock. But I could, I had to, I had to have it, I had to be this man's woman, I had to have my butt plugged

with this man who only minutes ago had been grinding so hard against this same opening.

Lubed up with pussy juice and come, his cock came into me, the head penetrating past my ring, and then the shaft, deeper, one inch, then a second, then I felt myself opening wider as it came another two inches, faster now, and another two, another two, and then it was in all the way, and I screamed, "Oh my god, you are so fucking deep in my arse. Oh my god it is so big, it is so hard it is so hot, oh my god it is so good!" Again, I knew maybe I could be heard outside that room but that didn't matter nothing mattered other than the feeling of this man's huge cock buried in my arse.

Then he began pumping, first slowly and then harder, and now the only sounds I could grunt out was the single simple syllable "yes, yes, yes, YES," louder and louder, again able to be heard throughout the club perhaps.

He leaned over and grunted to me, "I knew you'd love this, I knew when I was grinding your arse on the dance floor you'd love my cock inside your arse, you'd love me to do what your husband hasn't ever done."

I responded "yes, yes, yes, yes, damn it yes," and I couldn't believe how hard and how fast he could pump me arse, it was like a pussy to him, all the while his strong hands grabbing my arse cheeks and pulling them apart with each deep thrust so that he could enter as far as absolutely possible.

In this position, my clit was grinding itself on the table top, and I started to feel myself come with a spasm and a shudder and then it felt like I would never stop; spasming and shuddering into god knows how many orgasms, and still Tom kept pumping my arse, still he keep invading deeply me anal passage, still he kept touching me in places me husband had never been able to touch me, and still I cried out still louder "yes, yes, fuck my arse" loud enough for the whole world to hear.

Then I knew he was ready, he had needed this since the grinding, and I told him what I wanted and what I knew he wanted to hear, "Come in my arse, please," and I squeezed my anal passage with a control I didn't know I had and he groaned and then there it was, he was shooting his spunk deep into me darkest hole, shooting and groaning before collapsing on top of me.

As I headed out the exit with my girlfriends, a little sore between my legs but with a huge and satisfied smile on my face, they didn't waste any time in wanting to know where I'd been all night.

- P.M, Collingwood, Vic.







### TOTAL DOMINATION

I stepped into the room and shivered with anticipation. Mistress DeVille's dungeon was decked out in lush, heavy curtains and beautifully ornate ruby rugs.

"Onto your knees, slave," she commanded, in a tone deceptively sweeter than the words coming out.

I complied. It was my first time seeing an actual dominatrix, but I already knew I wanted to obey Mistress DeVille as well as I could. We had just finished what she referred to with a devilish smile as "negotiating"- that is, talking about my limits and safewords before the scene. Now I was on my knees on the floor in her dungeon. What had I gotten myself into?

My heart raced with a thrilling mix of excitement and fear, but I couldn't take my eyes off of her.

Mistress DeVille was drop-dead gorgeous. She was a little taller than me in her shiny black high-heeled boots, and had perfectly messy scarlet curls. Her tiny waist was complimented by a tight black corset, and her luscious tits were almost spilling out the top of her lacy bra.

She kicked me to the ground and settled

**"SHE TEASED MY BALLS WITH THE HEEL OF ONE OF HER BOOTS, LAUGHING LIKE I'D TOLD HER A FUNNY JOKE"**

herself into a huge chair in front of me. She lifted her feet off the ground and let her boots rest on my shoulders. I sat on the ground in front of her, trying to look up her tight skirt. "Eyes down or I'll whip you," she warned.

I could sense her moving around in her throne-like chair. I kept my eyes trained on her feet for fear of punishment. Oh my god. She was touching herself. This was the hottest thing I could ever remember happening to me. I practically held my breath, putting all my effort into staring at the ground, as she got



herself off. I could hear how wet she was as her fingers slipped in and out of herself. Her aroused moans had me rock hard. I desperately wanted to taste her. Mistress DeVille came quickly, touching herself with skill I knew my hands didn't have. I thought my cock was going to burst when she wiped her wet hand me.

"Oh Mistress," I whispered, "I would do anything to fuck you."

"To what?" She pulled her feet out of my reach before teasing my balls with the heel of one of her boots, laughing like I had just told

her a funny joke.

"NEVER gonna happen. Are we clear?"

I whimpered.

I felt an enormous sense of relief as she removed her foot from my nuts, which was only slightly dimmed by the surprise of a stinging pain as she slapped me in the face.



"Stand up," she ordered, and I did. She tossed me my clothes, my cheeks flaming with embarrassment. "Now what should I do with you..."

- J.L., Summer Hill, NSW.



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# IN THE PINK

THOMAS, LIZA AND A LITTLE UNRUSHED AFTERNOON DELIGHT









“ON ALL FOURS IS DEFINITELY MY  
FAVOURITE POSITION... HOT!”

- LIZA























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## THREESOMES

### STRIPPING OFF

**M**y best friend (Todd) invited me to a titty bar one night. I told him that my girlfriend (Nicole) and I had plans that same night so I wasn't going to be able to make it. He suggested that I ask her to come along too. The thought of my girlfriend getting turned on by another woman has given me an infinite number of erections and gallons of expelled semen as far back as I can remember. I had periodically planted seeds of the idea in her mind. Sometimes she responded positively and other times she just ignored me. I did know though, from conversations we'd have in bed, that she entertained the idea of having sex with another woman or having a threesome with another woman and me and she was definitely turned on by the idea. So I decided to ask her to go with us to the titty bar.

She didn't hesitate to agree when I invited her; my heart thumped my chest, my stomach churned and my cock reminded me of its existence. So it was all set. The plan was to meet Todd at our apartment, shower, get dressed and head to the titty bar.

It was packed, too crowded. It took five minutes to move five feet. We squirmed our way through the crowd, gathered three chairs that may or may not have been taken, ordered some drinks and tried to relax. Nicole was noticeably nervous and self-conscious. On our way to sit down all the horny men were ogling her. I can't blame them; she was wearing skin tight skinny jeans and a thin slinky top. The pants hugged her cute round ass and thighs and the shirt barely contained her laden breasts. I got hard watching all the guys staring at her tits and arse, all them having to realize that I was lucky enough to fuck her.

As we sat there, we were surrounded by lap dances. Directly in front of us a sexy Asian chick was grinding and rubbing her crotch against some guy, her tits smashed against his face, she was staring right at me, licking her lips, seeming to be begging me to do her. Nicole noticed this, made eye contact with me to let me know she noticed and was gently rubbing my cock. I was hard as soon as we walked in and now my balls were aching. In the distance I could see a girl with her hands against the wall in a police frisk position, she was squirming and rocking her ass and hips, giving some guy a great show. She had a great ass and was a real pro. To our left a woman was facing away from her customer. Everything exposed except her pussy. She was rubbing

her ass on his pants constantly. I drank two beers and she was still there, still doing a fuck simulation on this guy. She was blonde, maybe thirty, with a wonderful arse, and unfortunately, she had fake breasts. I don't like fake breasts but she had a sexy stomach and her ass made up for the breasts. She just kept rubbing and rubbing. Nicole and I watched her for several minutes and she finally noticed our interest. I whispered into Nicole's ear asking if it was ok for me to rub her crotch while the stripper watched. Nicole blushed and hesitated before answering but then she put my hand on her crotch as the stripper alternately looked into my eyes, Nicole's eyes, and my hand on her crotch. I could feel Nicole's damp heat and I noticed a tiny wet spot on the upper leg of my pants. The bulge of my erection was in plain sight down the leg of my pants, halfway to my knee. You could even see the ridge where the shaft met the head. I could have brought myself to climax in two or three pulls.

### "BEFORE I KNEW IT, NIKKI WAS BITING AND SUCKING THE INSIDES OF NICOLE'S THIGHS"

We decided to sit around the tip rail so we could get a teaser of all the girls who were working that night. Armed with drinks and tipping dollars, Nicole and I watched as the MC announced each girl and one by one they came out to perform.

Meanwhile, other dancers were working the crowd and soliciting lap dances. Todd decided to get a lap dance from a sexy curvy milf called Storm. She was about 5'5", shoulder length blond hair, tan, the best round ass you could hope for and large, real breasts. Nicole and I left the tip rail to go watch Todd's lap dance and she worked on my bulge while Storm grinded against Todd. Todd really got the treatment, his approval showed through the crotch of his pants. Nicole and I watched as Storm wrapped her legs around Todd and



started rubbing her pussy back and forward on his cock. She bounced up and down on his lap before offering him her nipples to suck on. Nicole bit her lip and rubbed my cock harder, clearly loving what she was seeing. Storm stood up and turned around before bending over, wiggling her ass in Todd's face. She grabbed his hand and encouraged him to slap her on the rump. Todd didn't hesitate in giving her a decent arse slap and she threw her head back and let out an aroused moan. Fuck, I was so turned on by this point.

I really wanted to buy Nicole a lap dance but I didn't know if she would go for it and I knew better than to put her on the spot without asking her first. Todd had stood up to get another drink and take a walk around the place and see what else he could find. I noticed some empty private booths in the back of the bar. I licked and breathed hot air into Nicole's ear and whispered as I rubbed her pussy. I invited her to an empty booth and she accepted. As we made our way back to the booth I asked Nicole if she would mind if I had a lap dance. She said that seeing me get a lap dance would make her hot and jealous at the same time. She





liked the idea and agreed.

When we were nearing the private booth I noticed a dancer I hadn't seen before approaching. She was stunning. Petite but with curves in all the right places and a cheeky glint in her eye. She looked fun. She introduced herself as Nikki and offered me a lap dance and of course I accepted. She grabbed my hand and started to drag me toward a booth, while Nicole followed up. When she got into the booth, the stripper pushed me back into one of the seats. Nicole sat next to me commenting that she wanted a good view. The dancer started by wiggling out of her short cut off shorts and then her bra. She was fully naked except for one of those frustrating thongs.

I was pretty drunk and feeling really fucking horny, so I reached over with one hand and rubbed Nicole's crotch, right in front of Nikki while rubbing my cock with the other.

What happened next, surprised me. Nikki wasn't just putting on a show any more. She threw her legs around me and mounted me, rubbing her pussy against my cock. She grinded against me so hard that she was basically jerking me off. From my lap, she

reached over and started rubbing Nicole's breasts and then her pussy. Nicole didn't even flinch. She didn't look at me for approval, she put her hands on the backs of Nikki's hands and guided her all over the curves of her own body. Nikki told us to hold on. She stood up and closed the curtain to the booth. I was getting really excited. Nicole told me to put my hand down her pants and finger fuck her. I had no shame. By the time the curtain was closed and Nikki was back in position, Nicole's jeans and panties were at her ankles and my middle finger was soaked. Nikki had my belt undone, my shirt was pushed up to my chest and my pants were at my ankles within seconds. She lowered her head on me and took my cock into her throat. I felt her teeth on my balls and abdomen and felt my head being squeezed by her throat. Nicole was watching us and guiding my finger into her slit.

I was at the brink of an orgasm so I pushed Nikki off and guided her body in Nicole's direction. Nikki was biting and sucking the insides of Nicole's thighs before I knew it. Nicole laid back and pushed her pussy forward against Nikki's mouth. I was stroking myself

with Nikki's saliva and watching a lifelong fantasy. After about five minutes Nikki took my hands and pulled me out of the seat. She pushed me on top of Nicole. Nikki reached around from behind me and gripped my cock. She gave it a few strokes and pushed it into Nicole. Nikki was pushing me by the ass forcing me to pump Nicole. I followed her lead matching the rhythm of her hands, poking and banging Nicole quickly. Nicole pushed against my thrusts and was whimpering and moaning; I didn't think about it then but I know that the other customers must have heard us. Nikki backed away from us and lay back on the seat opposite us. I turned my head and could see her with her index finger in her pussy and her middle finger in her arsehole. I got Nicole to look too and when she saw what Nikki was doing she screamed and started fucking me even harder. She bloodied my back with her fingernails as I filled her with cum. When I was finished I pulled out of Nicole and turned around. The curtain was opened a crack and Nikki was gone. I didn't even have to pay for the "lap dance".

– P.B, Foster, NSW.



## THREESOMES

### SAUNA THREWAY

I have been dreaming about this moment all day on my motorcycle. The ride up the coast, perfect roads, perfect day, great riding, all ending here at my favourite spa retreat. This is a clothing-optional hot spring spa complete with all the amenities including a steam room and sauna outdoors. I have decompressed, showered, and now find myself relaxing in the sauna. I love the dry heat of the sauna.

My body starts melting into the cedar walls. My skin is covered in delicious sweat as my body sinks into the bench further. Just as I feel ready to shut my eyes and drift off into thoughts of the ride up, the door opens with a whoosh. I look up and see two incredibly gorgeous women open the sauna door and step in. All of our eyes lock for a moment as we smile at each other.

I notice them both smile at each other and sit down on the bottom bench, leaning up against the wall facing each other. Both their hands slide up and down their bodies, over their breasts and flicking their nipples as they move up and down. This takes me a little by surprise, but is a welcome distraction for sure. My cock starts twitching with the elicit self-teasing.

I notice they are both completely shaven, lacking hair everywhere except their gorgeous long hair. I feel my cock twitch again with just the thought of being in here with both of their amazingly smooth bodies.

It is obvious they are intimate with each other by their mannerisms. I can only imagine how much. My mind wanders even further and my cock gives a solid throb.

My cock is now getting harder and I am pulsing bigger by the second. Just the thoughts of them touching each other discreetly has me fired up.

"I'm Eric, what are your names?" I offer. The one on my left pipes up first, "I'm Ashley, and this is my friend Bri". Ashley looks right up at me and winks. Throb. Throb. My cock starts pushing into my legs. I look over at Bri and she is staring right up at me as well. She licks her lips slightly while looking right into my eyes.

Ashley moans, "I love the sensation of the sauna with completely smooth skin. My legs feel divine, as well as my pussy." Oh my god. Did I just hear her correctly? My heart stops. Bri pipes in, "Oh my god, yes. I feel so clean, slippery, and sexy. My sweat is tickling my pussy as it drips down my body." Bri looks up at me, directly into my eyes. "I notice you like shaving as well. Your body looks deliciously

smooth. What is your trick?"

I am burning inside. My heart is pounding. I am speechless. Almost. "Yes, I love smooth skin. I love shaving and the zen like process of shaving my body. I agree, the sauna feels fantastic when shaven, and this was the perfect opportunity. Thank you for noticing." My cock surges even more, jammed underneath my crossed legs. I feel like I am fucking my feet with my surging cock. Nothing I can think of will stop my now pulsing cock.

Ashley smiles at Bri, "Bri, lets jump in the cold plunge again and come right back. You aren't going anywhere I hope Eric?" I moan a response, "Certainly not. I love this sauna heat

### "I START PULSING MY HANDS ON EACH PUSSY, RUNNING MY FINGERS ACROSS THEIR CLITS"

melting my smooth skin as much as you."

They both get up, bending over to stretch right in front of me. They pause in full bend, pussies dripping sweat and smiling back up at me. I just want to reach out and take a lick of both. They stand up, open the door and are out of the sauna in a flash.

What just happened here? I am excited, confused, and looking forward to seeing where this might be going.

It's a good thing they left the sauna for a moment. I was about to lose it and have my cock bounce out from under my legs and slap my belly in excitement.

A few more moments pass and I feel like Ashley and Bri have moved on, until the door opens and they slip back into the Sauna. I look up from my cock and am greeted by their amazing vision once again. I can feel my cock jump, straining against my leg holding it down. I pull my fingers away from my cock before the door fully opens, but I am pretty sure I can't hide my state of arousal.

Ashley and Bri are back from the cold plunge and I can see the goose bumps all over their

bodies. Their nipples are firm and erect from the chill. "Eric, do you mind if we practice some relaxing poses to totally settle into the spa moment?" says Ashley. "Not at all, please do what you need." With that they both sit on the lower bench, at first facing me. I catch the mischievous grin they give each other, and then they both lean forward, rolling, and invert. Yes, invert. Right here in the sauna. They both push their hips up, sliding back against the bench with their backs, and spread their legs wide.

There they are, on the lower bench of the sauna, upside down with their feet in a yoga pose, legs wide, and pussies spread. Their legs drape across each other and in front of me. Sweat runs down my body, tickling my skin. I can see their bodies doing the same. Water droplets are dripping down their legs, down their bellies, hanging off their nipples inverted. My mind is blown by the sight before me. Their pussies are both on display like flowers ready to be inhaled, tasted, sucked, licked, and enjoyed fully.

After our talk of shaving, I offer up the next step, "You mind if I take a closer look at your excellent laser works of art? Seems like you should have a third party inspection to make sure everything is as smooth as you intend." They both just smile up at me and wink. As if they planned this before, they both just press their thighs further apart and moan. Both of them bring their hands up to their upper thighs and cup their pussies. Fuck. They slide their hands around their pussies, over their hips and down their chests.

Sitting in between each of them on the upper bench, I lean forward, reach out, and press a hand into the closest thigh. I slide my hand across their sweaty thighs and just cup a pussy in each hand. I close my eyes and just feel the heat and softness of each delicious pussy. Their feet are crossed, and hang deliciously close in front of me.

I start pulsing my hands on each pussy. Pressing my fingers around their swollen pussy lips. Running my fingers back and forth across their clits. My fingers are coated with their slippery juices. Their eyes are closed and deep moans are escaping each of their luscious lips. They have both folded their arms in so their hands are both caressing their breasts. Their elbows have locked as I watch them both run their fingertips tantalisingly over their nipples. Their nipples get even harder with this attention.

Their pussies are both completely smooth. Not even an errant hair is anywhere on their bodies. I am salivating wanting to lick each of







## THREESOMES

the hot pussies before me. Instead I just slip my middle fingers inside each pussy and listen to them both moan. I spiral my fingers inside them, deep, around, and continue to slide my exposed fingers over their clits. They are both moaning in delight. Their fingers start moving faster over their nipples.

I am so hard, my cock just dances around twitching. I am at full attention. Each hand is dipping into a hot, slippery pussy, and I feel delicious in erotic stimulation.

Ashley, on my left, opens her eyes and stares right into mine. "Mmm, it gets me even wetter thinking about your hard cock up me. Bri and I were discussing your thick cock out in the cold plunge pool actually," says Ashley.

"With a cock that large, it would be a shame not to use it," Bri teased.

I slip my fingers out; rub my hands all over each of their dripping pussies, coating my fingers and hands in sweet pussy juice. I then wrap both hands around my cock and slide

their juices all over my raging cock. Up, down, around. In the meantime I hear gasps of wanton eroticism from Ashley and Bri. I bring my fingers up to my mouth and suck them in, one at a time. "Mmmm, your pussy juices taste delicious. I would love to do a proper taste test," I say.

"Well don't let us stop you" says Ashley.

I stand up, step down onto the lower bench, turning around, and squat down above Ashley. Her pussy is on display before me, in all its glistening glory. She grabs my cock and I lower my shaven balls right onto her luscious, glistening lips. I bend forward and run my lips and right hand fingers up over her salivating pussy. I use my left hand to rest on Bri's pussy and mimic what my right hand is doing to Ashley.

I lick and taste Ashley's pussy. I run my tongue and lips all over her moist, hot pussy. She tastes incredibly sweet. I devour her pussy with my mouth. My cock surges and strains further. Ashley is doing a great job licking and

sucking on my balls while her hands massage my straining cock. I swear my entire body feels like a popsicle being held up by my cock in her hands. I am pumping my hips slightly in her hands as she rubs my precum all over my cock.

I make sure to rub my tongue over every millimetre of her smooth pussy. I can't find a single hair. I moan and groan in pleasure as to my lucky moment. Bri pipes in, "Don't forget about me." I stand up ever so reluctantly from Ashley, sucking her pussy lips out as I lift my drooling lips from her boiling pussy. I step sideways, over Bri, and squat down over her face. I now place my right hand on Ashley's pussy and press my lips and tongue into Bri's now dripping, smooth pussy.

She tastes different, more like champagne, with a slight tangy taste to her sweet juice. I give her pussy the same treatment I gave Ashley's. I can feel her hips quaking as I rub and lick her clit, sliding my tongue over and into her pussy, over, and over. Not a single hair can







be found on her pussy, between her ass, or anywhere my tongue travels.

Their ass cheeks are touching at the edge of the bench. Bri spreads her legs wide, resting her feet on the edge of the bench. I am standing in front of them both, watching the two gorgeous women in heat lustily penetrate my eyes with theirs. Each pussy seems to be screaming out at me for attention.

I step forward, up onto the lower bench, and squat above Ashley. I lower my balls right onto her lips as I press my smoothly shaven face right onto her hot pussy. I press my hands into the inner thighs of Bri pressing her thighs up and back. I see her hands surround her pussy and press her slippery juices all around.

My cock is getting a proper sucking. Ashley's hands have come up and run the length of my cock while she licks and sucks my loose balls. After my fresh shave job, her tongue and lips feel insanely delicious. She sucks one in her mouth and runs her tongue around. She slips that one out and sucks my other ball in, humming and vibrating her lips and mouth all the while.

Her hands rotate and slide up and around my slippery, hard, velvety hot cock. She is slapping my cock against her upside down chest between rubbing my rock solid full length. I am humping her chest as I suck on Ashley's dripping pussy. Ashley is humping her pussy into my face as I suck on her. I am in heaven with Bri pulling my head closer and rubbing

## “HER HANDS ROTATE AND SLIDE UP AND AROUND MY SLIPPERY, HARD COCK”

my face around Ashley's pussy. All the while Ashley keeps finding all of my most sensitive areas and focusing on them just long enough.

My cock is so ready to explode from getting sucked, licked, and rubbed, but I want more. I stand up, right above Ashley, and press my cock across Bri's pussy. I rub it along, across, and over Ashley's dripping pussy and push right up and over Bri's throbbing pussy. Bri's hands slide down and cup her friend's pussy, playing with Ashley's hole while I tease her with my cock.

I slide my swollen cock head right along Ashley's boiling pussy, right up to Bri's salivating entrance. Bri's eyes open wide and stare right at my huge cock. I press forward,

popping into her pussy, and pressing right into her wanton pussy. As I slide all the way in and her breath exhales all the way out, my balls slide right up along Ashley's pussy, pulling across her clit.

Oh my god! I am fucking one super delicious hot pussy while my balls are slapping and pressing around another. I am in pure heaven. Two hot, dripping pussies for my cock to enjoy. Ashley is rubbing her hands up and down my legs as I pump my cock deep inside Bri's burning pussy. My balls slip back and forth across Ashley's pussy. I feel her engulf my balls in her hands and press them across her pussy.

My cock is in heaven. Bri wiggles her ass around my cock. Ashley keeps rubbing and pressing my balls across her dripping pussy, rubbing and squeezing them with her hands. Fuck me. I feel my cock raging at max hardness.

Right from the core of my entire body I erupt. My cock explodes into Bri. My cum rips through her pussy. I feel Bri explode. Her whole body stops moving but I can feel her pussy spasm. She clamps down hard along my entire throbbing length.

Both of their chests, bellies, breasts, and pussies are covered in my cum. They both rub the streams of cum all over their bodies as they both prop themselves against the wall, resting for a moment.

Just as we all start breathing normal, the door opens. Fuck, what close timing!

– S.J, Palmerston North, NZ.





# SEEING DOUBLE

A QUICK FLICK THROUGH A TRAVEL BOOK IS ALL IT TOOK TO SET THESE TWO OFF ON THEIR OWN SEXUAL ADVENTURE









“I LOVED HAVING MY FINGERS  
INSIDE HENESSY’S PUSSY  
WHILE I LICKED HER CLIT”

- VALENTINA























## LETTER OF THE MONTH

### WHAT'S COOKING?

Ever since I was a teenager, I knew I wanted to be a chef and I worked very hard to make that dream a reality until finally it happened... and I became the head chef at one of the top restaurants in Sydney. But making my way to the top had its side effects on my personal life. At 28, I only have a few friends and my sex life is basically non-existent. Until recently, that is...

I met Andrew and his older brother Chris at a local farmers market I go to often. They co-owned a food truck and set up at the

farmers market every week. About a year after I met them, Chris had been offered a head chef job at a local restaurant and Andrew didn't want to keep the food truck up. My sous chef recently left for another opportunity. So I hired Andrew to replace him.

We worked very well together from the start. We managed to keep a working relationship even though I was very attracted to him. Technically, Andrew was probably pretty average looking but I thought he was gorgeous. He was six foot tall; had short, messy black hair, sported a 5 o'clock shadow all the time and had the most beautiful hazel eyes.

After closing the restaurant at night,

sometimes Andrew and I go for a run. I loved running with him. He often didn't wear a shirt and his sweat glistened on his body. I would love to run my tongue over his sweaty body. I would imagine us both all hot and sweaty as we are fucking. But I had to shake it off and focus on running, not him. I couldn't get mixed up in a relationship with someone I worked with.

One day we were prepping for dinner and Andrew was being overly friendly with me. We always joked around and had a good time at the restaurant, but tonight was different. All night he was finding reasons to excessively touch me. If he needed something that was on the other side of me instead of walking around



PHOTOGRAPHY: VIV THOMAS





to get it, he would reach around behind me and brush his hand on my ass. Once he was talking to another chef that was working on the station across from me and he walked up behind me and was so close I could feel his body heat. I could hear him take in a deep breath as he smelled my hair. I could feel his breathe on my neck, which sent chills all over my body.

Another time I was reaching for something up high, which is a common short girl issue with me, and he came up behind me to help me and rubbed his crotch against my arse.

I wasn't sure at the time what had gotten into him. But I was enjoying it. I tried not letting on that I noticed him doing it and I was praying no one else noticed either. I had to keep control of the kitchen and the more he touched me the harder it was becoming to concentrate on getting these dishes out in the dinner rush in a timely matter.

I managed to make it through the service okay. We were closing up for the night and Joshua, a dishwasher, was heading out leaving just Andrew and I to finish up. My head was reeling after a very busy service and to top it off Andrew had his hands and crotch all over

## “HE KISSED MY STOMACH, WORKING HIS WAY DOWN TO MY HIPs AND INNER THIGHS”

me tonight. I wondered what that was all about anyways? He has never been handsy with me before. We kid around and tease each other, but never anything physical.

We were all done for the night and had headed out to meet some other co-workers and chefs at our favourite place to eat and hang out after work. We usually just walked there since it was only a couple blocks away. I locked up

and we began walking down the alley and I felt Andrew put his hand on my back as we talked. This is ok I thought, nothing harmful here. He is probably just watching out for me. We walked on and his hand moved lower to my ass and squeezed.

I turned and teased, “Andrew, you’ve been awfully handsy tonight...”

Andrew blushed and looked around like he was trying to find the words to explain his behaviour. Then he finally spoke up.

“Tori...I have liked you since we first met at the farmers market. I never could get the nerve up to tell you. I didn't think you would give a guy like me a chance.” Andrew explained.

Interrupting him I asked, “So you thought you would tell me you was interested in me by squeezing my ass?”

“I know, I didn't think this through Tori. I'm sorry.” He paused then went on, “But this morning on our run you looked so hot and it took all I had not to ask you if you wanted to fuck. I think about you all the time.”

I was floored. Andrew thought about me and having sex with me? How can that be? He thinks I'm hot and wants to fuck me? After



## ↳ LETTER OF THE MONTH

all this time he tells me like this? I have been hiding the same feelings for him, but was afraid of rejection and he was to. I felt lost in his declaration, yet I felt freed as well.

Andrew then pulled me close to him and stared into my eyes. It was like he was searching for acceptance and approval. His mouth looked so delicious, his eyes burning deep into my soul. Then it happened. Andrew intertwined his hand in my hair and pulled me even closer and kissed me. It was a long, hard, passionate, and very hot. I pulled away and felt faint from the excitement. I could feel my heart pounding.

Our hands were all over each other. I could not resist him any longer. I wanted him. I needed him. NOW!

As we were kissing and groping each other, Andrew put me up against the back of the building. He took off my chef's coat as he kissed and licked my ear then my neck. His hands came down to my pants and unbuttoned them and slowly unzipped them. I put my hands on his shoulders to steady myself. He knelt down and as he took off my pants he kissed my stomach, working his way down to my hips, then my inner thighs. Finally my pants were off and he flung them over to my coat.

My mind was going a mile a minute, my heart was beating rapidly. I couldn't believe this was finally going to happen. And of all places behind the restaurant in a dark alley. But I didn't care anymore. I wanted Andrew inside me so badly. My pussy was beginning to throb and get wet.

He then began kissing back up my inner thighs. Leaving a trail of soft tender kisses. When he got to my wet pussy, he took in a deep breath and I could see him smile. He hooked his fingers under my red panties and slid them down to get them out of the way of what was waiting for him underneath. He then began kissing all around my pussy, but never actually touching it yet. I could tell he was having fun teasing me. Finally after a few minutes of this he plunged his tongue in between the folds of my wet pussy and lapped up my juices that were waiting for him.

I put my hands in his hair and he lifted my leg over one of his shoulders to get easier access. It felt so good. He was devouring my pussy. He began a rhythm of sucking on my clit, then tongue fucking my hole, then he would lick from my wet hole to my clit and start over again. He did this over and over again. It felt so good. I have never been eaten like this before. Andrew was very good and I was enjoying every minute of it. I didn't know how much more of this I was

going to be able to take. Then he stuck a finger in, sliding it in and out while he sucked my clit. This went on for a couple more minutes. But I couldn't take it anymore.

"Andrew, I'm going to cum if you don't stop!" He didn't stop... he was relentless! I realised he was wanting me to cum. So I finally let go. "Aaaahhhhh, fuck!" I moaned, as I came all over his face.

My body convulsed as waves of pleasure washed over me. Andrew didn't miss a drop of my juices, as he held on tight to me. As I was coming down from my high, he began kissing his way back up to my navel, then slowly took off my black camisole. I began to get nervous that someone might hear us, I looked both ways and didn't see anyone.

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**"I PULLED HIM UP  
TO ME AND KISSED  
HIM. I COULD TASTE  
MY JUICES ON MY  
HIS MOUTH"**

---

By now he had my red bra off. My C cup breasts fit perfectly into his warm hands as he squeezed them. He began sucking on my erect nipples. Every once in a while he would bite them lightly sending a lightning bolt of pleasure to my pussy. He worked on both of my breasts as I was clawing at his back and beautiful ass.

I don't know why we waited so long to tell one another how we felt and now here we are in the alley getting ready to fuck! It became too much for me and I pulled him up to me and kissed him. I could taste my juices on his mouth. It was sweet and it felt so dirty to be enjoying my taste on him. I began to lose myself in the embrace.

Interrupting my thoughts he suddenly turned me around facing the brick wall. I stuck my ass out grinding into his crotch, begging him to do what I know he wanted. He spread out my legs and undid his pants. I could feel him rubbing his big throbbing cock up and down my ass then down to my pussy, stopping at the opening of my sex.

"Andrew, please fuck me now!" I begged.

"Is this what you want Tori, tell me?" He began slowly dipping the tip of his dick into my wet hole, then back out. Teasing me.

"Yes please. Fuck me. Fuck me hard." I said while looking back at him. His eyes were full of passion and lust, for me.

Suddenly he slammed into me all at once. Giving me all he had, all eight inches!

It felt so good. I couldn't believe how big he felt inside me. Filling me completely. "Aaaahhh, FUCK! Yes, Yes, Yes! Give it to me!"

He slid almost all the way out just leaving his head in and slammed back into me again. He did this several times. I braced my arms up against the wall so I could keep taking him with this force. As he held onto my waist with one hand and my shoulder with the other one, he continued to fuck me hard. Then he slowed down and we began a rhythm. I pushed back meeting his every thrust. It was hypnotic and felt so damn good.

Then he took his hand off my shoulder and reached down to my clit and began working it. I thought I was going to cum again. But he must have sensed my muscles tightening and he stopped.

"Not yet, I want to cum with you this time, Tori." Andrew whispered into my ear, while taking his big cock out of my sloppy pussy.

Then he knelt down and began kissing my ass, starting at the tip of my crack and ended up at my virgin arsehole. This took me by surprise. None of my prior boyfriends, as few as they were, never even tried. But I had always wondered what it was like. Now I get my chance.

He took complete control over my pussy and now my arse too. Working it with his tongue, then one finger, then two. Slowly taking his time to get it ready for him. He reached up and began playing with my clit too. I was getting weak at my knees. All this stimulation felt good, but also overwhelming.

"Andrew, please! I can't take much more of this. Give it to me and make me cum!" I requested, panting with lust. "But take it slow, I have never done anal before."

Andrew looked at me in amazement and gave me what I wanted, what we both wanted. First he stuck his cock into my wet pussy for lubrication. Then I could feel it pressing gently against my arsehole. He slowly pushed the head in and waited for me to be ready for more. It already hurt some, but it felt good too.

He felt me relax and slowly began rocking back and forth giving me more and more going deeper each time. It felt exquisite! He felt me relax more and he began to fuck me harder but







## ▾ LETTER OF THE MONTH



still slowly. Holding onto my waist with both hands, he slid further and further into me until I could feel his balls slapping against my wet pussy. It felt so good. I couldn't believe how stretched I felt. We built up speed and soon I was taking all of him. I felt so full. He pounded into my virgin arse over and over again.

"Ooohhhh... aaahhhh... Fuck baby... you feel so good, please don't stop!" I begged him.

But his words was my undoing. He began fucking me even harder and playing with my clit again. Then Andrew slipped two fingers inside my pussy and started fingering my G-spot. I was so wet and I felt like I was going to gush everywhere!

As Andrew fucked my arse and my pussy, I tried not to come. I just wanted it to last forever. The combination of his cock and fingers was driving me wild! I had never experienced such intense pleasure before. It made me wonder what it would be like to have a cock in my pussy at the same time too. Oh my god! Just that thought was nearly enough to send me over the edge.

Andrew continued to slam into me, gripping

### **"HE GRIPPED MY HIPS WITH ONE HAND AND A FISTFUL OF MY HAIR WITH THE OTHER"**

my hips with one hand and a fistful of hair with the other. I tried to hold out from coming but I just couldn't wait any longer and I began to cum hard. Words were coming out of my mouth that I'm not even sure were coherent. I could feel him pump faster and his cock was swelling in me.

I nearly cried when Andrew pulled his cock out of my arse before I had the opportunity to

come. I opened my mouth to say something but he pushed me to my knees and pushed his cock into my mouth. I slurped on his hard, wet cock like a lollipop, taking its length down my throat while I looked up at him. His fingers were tangled in the back of my hair and he was using my mouth for his pleasure.

With one swift movement, he pulled me to my feet, bent me over and pushed his hard rod straight back into my arse. Then he unleashed his load in my ass, filling it, mixing with my juices and it seeped out of my ass and ran down my thighs. He pumped a couple more times making sure to get it all out. My body twitched in exquisite pleasure.

As we both came, spiralling down from our long awaited orgasms, Andrew slowly slipped out of my ass before kissing me deeply. We kissed for a minute until we heard someone coming down the alley. We hurried up and got dressed and ran the other way before anyone could see us, laughing it all off.

Life in the kitchen was never going to be -the same again!

- S.B, Kings Cross, NSW.



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# STRIP TEASE

AMBER UNDRESSES BY THE WINDOW, HOPING SOMEONE  
WILL CATCH A HOT GLIMPSE THEY'LL NEVER FORGET









“I FIND THE IDEA OF BEING  
WATCHED SUCH A TURN ON”

- AMBER































## ➤ GIRL ON GIRL

### TROPICAL TRYST

I sat on the hotel restaurant balcony enjoying the superb view of the beach, letting the warm tropical breeze wash over me, and listening to the far off rumble of the waves.

Just this morning I was in Sydney, and now I was in paradise - a small Polynesian island off the beaten track.

Angela, a beautiful Polynesian and I were the only ones in the restaurant. She wore the traditional pareo, the sarong, and her lovely body and face, attracted my admiration. We talked and I found she was a beautiful mixture of French, Chinese and Polynesian. Under her pareo, I detected that she only wore a pair of skimpy panties. She caught my glances as she leaned over serving me, showing firm cleavage, and I caught the smell of the coconut soap used in the tropics. Her eyes moved to my thinly covered breasts and her eyes sparkled.

I asked about the shell collecting snorkelling trip advertised in the lobby. She told me the hours, and said she would be my guide.

The next morning, we were anchored in the ocean. A young French couple was the only other guests present. The lovely French woman had shed her top early on, and I quickly followed.

Before we left the boat Angela helped me coat my body with a high number sunscreen, as the tropical sun could be brutal. Her soft hands stroked the oil over my body. She even coated my breasts lovingly, making my pussy tingle. Her laughing eyes told me she was enjoying teasing me.

We donned masks and fins and swam away from the pontoon boat. The French couple, accompanied by our Polynesian helmsman, went in another direction. As we swam away from the boat, I felt Angela's fingers at my hip and my bikini bottom floated free. I looked and she was stuffed it into the shelling bag. She was gloriously naked too. The warm water felt gloriously sensual.

Angela showed me how to find the beautiful cowry shells under the coral fans and how to watch for moray eels before I reached for them. She was a water sprite, moving through the water with the grace of an otter. She was able to hold her breath for incredible lengths of time. She swam between my spread legs, her long brown hair streaming. Her slick skin brushing my pussy lips. I swam behind her, glimpsing her lovely pussy as she scissored thorough the water.

When we had our share of shells, we swam back to the boat. We could see figures under

a palm tree far up the beach. We towelled dry and sat naked on the soft mat floor. Angela leaned close and kissed me softly, her tongue flicking my lips gently. I reached out and cupped her firm breast, gently squeezing it.

"I saw the way you watched me," she smiled. "You like women too?" I nodded. She looked toward the shore. The others were returning. "Tonight, leave your door unlocked, I will come to you." She reached down and slipped a finger deftly between my slick pussy lips. It stroked upward to flick my erect clit lightly, bringing a sigh from me. She slipped her finger between her lips and sucked it, her eyes locked to mine. We slipped on our bottoms just before the French couple and the native helmsman climbed aboard.

The young native said something to Angela in Polynesian and they both laughed. I asked what he had said. "They're cannibals! They tried to eat me alive." She translated, laughing.

I went to the nearby village and bought

## "I LOST COUNT OF THE TIMES WE BROUGHT EACH OTHER TO A SHUDDERING CLIMAX"

French bread and wine, fresh tropical fruit. I learned Angela had told her cousins that if I wasn't treated right, they'd have to answer to her. I also bought several colourful pareos and bars of the totally delicious coconut oil soap.

It was dark when I heard the back door of the bungalow open and then Angela slid naked into my bed, the scent of the tropical flower in her hair sweeter than any perfume. She kissed me softly and her firm breasts were hot against mine. She wiggled her legs between my thighs and I spread them wide for her. Sensually she pressed down, her mound burrowing into my spread sex. She rubbed her wet flesh against mine and in no time she brought me to a gasping climax.

We made long, slow love to each other. Her body tasted and smelled of the fragrant

coconut oil soap, a smell I still associate with her. She was an expert lover, she kissed me and her strong tongue slid up and down and into my pussy again and again, as she so softly caressed my turgid clit.

Her pussy was sweet and clean, and my tongue slid into her bringing the sweet nectar from it. Her clit was firm and rather large. She cried out as I sucked and licked it, while my fingers slid deep into her body.

We moved into a 69 and feasted on each other's liquid centres. I lost count of the times we brought each other to a shuddering climax. She was an expert lover. The ceiling fan whirred softly as we made love. Spent, we drifted off to sleep, my arm around her. Later, when I awoke, she was gone.

At breakfast, she was my server. I told her how wonderful our night was, and what a good lover she was. She smiled and gave me a quick kiss, telling me she would be back that night with a surprise. My panties were wet all day.

True to her word she slipped quietly into my bed that night and in the dim light, I saw another figure slip into bed with us. Angela's soft body pressed close on one side, a hard male body on the other.

"My boyfriend, he is a very good lover." She whispered in my ear. "He asked to come. I will send him away if you do not want him with us."

She was so dear; and he was really sexy - I was intrigued. I pulled him to me and kissed him, my hand finding his thick erect cock. My two lovers showered my body with kisses and caresses until I was moaning with need. Angela straddled my body and began to lap at my pussy her expert tongue bringing me to a wonderful climax.

She then licked and sucked me until I was panting again. She guided her boyfriend's hard cock inside my liquid core. Slowly in unison the two made love to me. Her tongue nibbled at my clit as he thrust in and out from behind. His hips expertly rotated so that his rigid tool caressed every inch of my pussy. I had his cock deep inside me and her lips and tongue lapping at my throbbing clit. It was the best of both worlds.

He caressed my breasts, his fingers pulling and rolling my erect nipples expertly. He came with a long moan and a deep thrust, gushing deep inside me. When his cock grew soft and slipped out, Angela's lips covered my pussy, scooping a mixture of our combined juices out. Her tongue drove me over the edge and I climaxed as her boyfriend watched. They kissed me and slipped from the bungalow.

- K.E, St Kilda, Vic.







## GIRL ON GIRL

### CLOSE UP

I have always been an adventurer, someone who thought outside of the box, looked for the most colourful path rather than the path least taken. From a young age I showed great potential for the arts, that's probably how I ended up becoming a photographer. I loved my job; it brought me so much happiness and a sense of fulfilment. It was never the same as the day before and it allowed me to meet an array of characters, much more colourful than myself. Some I will never forget. Those are the ones that stood out in my mind, forever changing me and how I see the world. One of those special someone's goes by the name of Mia, a glamour model making her mark on the Australian modelling scene. Her face was gracing the covers of men's magazine's across the country and it was hard not to stare.

I was lucky enough to get a phone call from Mia's agent one day, asking me to do a shoot with the blonde goddess. Now that she was on the up and quickly becoming one of Australia's

most sought after glamour models, she needed her portfolio updated. I happily accepted the offer. Ever since I spotted her in a Penthouse magazine, I had been dreaming up a shoot just for her. I wanted to capture every inch of her body on film for the world to see, and every inch is what I got.

At exactly three o'clock sharp her agent entered my studio with Mia in tow. I was struck the moment I saw her. She seemed to glow with a light that no one else could touch. Her jet blonde hair hung to her waist, complementing her tanned complexion. I wanted to reach out and touch her, trace my fingers along her smooth limbs, feel the warmth that radiated from her body. It took all of my will power to shake it off and put on a professional smile to greet her and her agent.

"So, according to the list that your agent provided me, we have a few different looks to aim for today," I informed her as she removed her long white jacket and flung it on a chair with an effortless grace. She just looked at me and smiled, her plump pink lips shining as

they caught the light. "Some head shots, a few candid photos, and then...um," I cleared my throat nervously; "he wanted a couple of tasteful nudes." I had done hundreds of nude sessions in the past, none that I even thought twice about. But something about seeing Mia naked in my studio, in front of my camera, made me blush. I could barely look her in the eye.

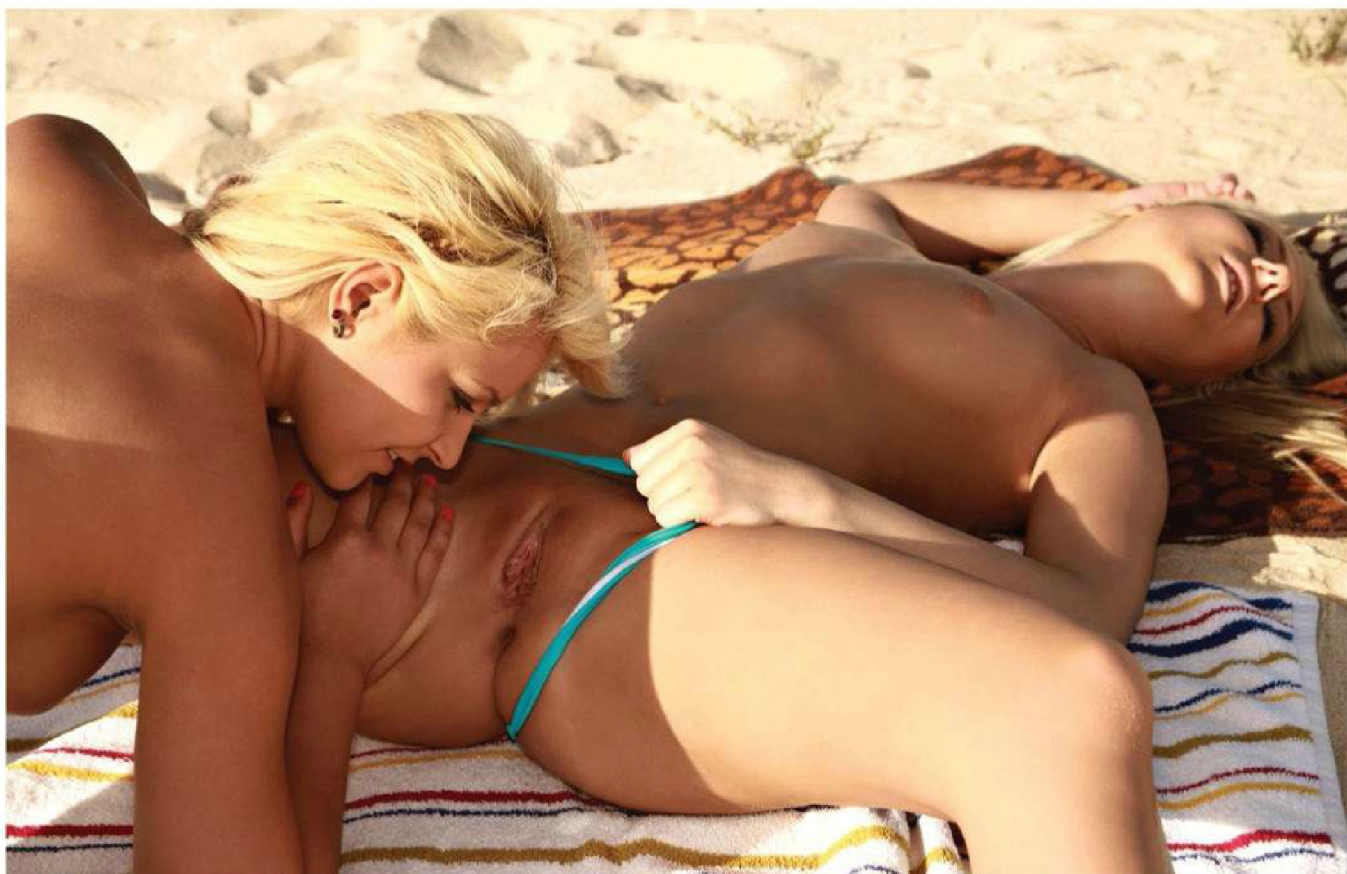
"Wonderful," she purred. "I look forward to working with you. I've heard many great things about your work."

She seemed to stare at me with a look of certainty, as if she knew how this day was going to play out before it even happened.

"Great, well, yes." I stopped myself there before I embarrassed the two of us and turned on my heel and headed back out to my studio. I wasn't sure at the time, but now I'm convinced that I heard Mia giggle behind me.

The afternoon flew by as we made our way into the late evening. We spent hours getting the perfect head shots and candid photos, utilising just about every inch of my studio.

Finally, her agent was satisfied with a few and







suggested we move on to the nude session. I felt my face flush again as my eyes averted to Mia. She stood against the back of my green velvet sofa with a cheeky grin, her gaze meeting mine as she gave a playful wink.

"Shall I undress right here or do I have to go to hair and makeup first?" she asked us.

"No, Mia darling, we want these to be natural. Just undress where you are comfortable and we'll start shooting," her agent instructed.

Mia gave a shrug and reached back to untie her blue maxi dress from around her neck. I watched as it fell to the floor and pooled around her bare feet like a puddle of water. Mia was completely naked underneath that dress and now her smooth tanned body stood bare in my studio, waiting to be captured on film. I was amazed at how comfortable she seemed to be with no clothing on. I watched in awe as she circled the sofa and took a seat, stretching out on her belly, the whole length of her limber body melding itself to the shape of the cushions.

Even though I managed to get through the last of the shoot with a bit of professionalism, I still found myself forgetting to breathe or being too mesmerised by Mia to remember to click the button on my camera. Whenever I found myself in that state I would quickly fiddle with something or change the film, any simple gesture that would break me out of the trance she put me in. It didn't take me long to realize

## **"THE FACT THAT I PLEASED HER THAT MUCH WITH JUST MY HANDS MADE MY OWN PUSSY WET"**

that Mia knew, too. She knew the effect she had over me, perhaps over everyone she met.

I would often find her smiling at me, giving me a wink or toying with my self-control as she licked her lips a little too sensually or caressed her thigh a little too slowly.

After an hour or so I had to call it quits. Mia had me so turned on by simply being herself that I had to get away from her. It would have been extremely unprofessional of me to hit on a client, especially one so famous. I wasn't even sure if she was gay. So I packed up all of the film and labelled it to be developed while Mia's people gathered up their things and got ready

to leave.

"It was a pleasure working with you, Sarah," Mia's agent said as he extended his hand towards me. I smiled and shook it. "I shall be in touch with more clients for you to shoot."

"Great, I look forward to it," I replied. I noticed that Mia was not getting ready to leave. She simply slipped her blue maxi dress back on and stood leaning against the sofa again. She waited for her agent to approach her and I watched as they spoke quietly back and forth. Her agent stole a quick glance back at me and then gave his client a grin before heading out the door. Mia was staying.

Mia. Was. Staying.

I stood nervously as I watched her come towards me. Her every movement captivating me; the swing of her dainty arms, the sexy stride of her long and tanned legs, and her mouth - oh her mouth! - How I wished I could touch my lips to hers and taste what I had been imagining the whole time.

"You're not going with them?" I asked her. She simply grinned and shook her head.

"I thought that we could hang out, get to know one another," Mia purred. I could listen to her speak all night and be satisfied with that. The tone of her voice screamed sex. "Would that be alright with you? I could go if you're busy."

"No, no! That's, um, that's fine. I had a long day; I wasn't planning on doing any work



## ➤ GIRL ON GIRL

tonight."

Mia was so close that I could smell her luscious scent of vanilla radiating from her skin. I wanted to run my lips along the length of her neck, where I knew the intoxicating scent was strongest. Her eyes locked with mine and a silent moment passed between us, like the one you experience before a first kiss. But neither of us made a move. Instead, I cleared my throat nervously.

"Would you like a glass of wine?" I offered and made my way to the kitchen.

"Yes, that would be wonderful, thank you." Mia came and stood behind me as I grabbed two glasses from the cupboard. I heard the sound of something soft falling to the floor and when I turned I found that she had removed her dress once more, revealing her flawless and naked body just inches from me.

"Mia what..."

"Shhh," she muttered and placed a finger over my lips. "I know you want me. I saw the way you looked at me today. I'm no fool. And I hope neither are you."

I stared at her in shock, unable to move. Mostly for fear that she would move her finger from my lips and I couldn't bear the thought of her pulling away now. So, after a few seconds of consideration, I slowly opened my mouth and let her finger slip inside. I sucked playfully with my tongue, tasting the sweetness that her skin offered while never breaking our intimate gaze at one another.

Mia leaned in and did what I had been dying to do all day and touched her lips to mine. Her soft and plump mouth covered my lips and she tasted of peppermint as her tongue slipped inside. That first kiss was indescribable. Being a bi-sexual thirty year old woman in Sydney, I was no stranger to different sexual experiences. I had dated quite a bit over the years but nothing compared to the sensation of kissing Mia. Her sweet vanilla scent held me tight as our mouths entwined. I wove my fingers through her jet black hair in an attempt to draw her closer, if that were even possible.

Through heated and laboured breaths Mia managed to gasp a few words, "Fuck me, Sarah. Right here, right now."

The sound of her voice wanting me so badly sent me over the edge. I let go of everything, my nervousness around her quickly faded away. I left her mouth and made my way down her neck to her luscious breasts, leaving a trail of my lips along the way. Mia grappled at my white tank top, lifting it over my head and tossing it behind her.

I continued to kiss her body, touching and

licking every inch I could get my hands on. She then hoisted herself up onto the countertop, making her the perfect height for me to please her. I watched as Mia's hand slipped down between her legs and she began to rub her clit for me. I joined her, taking over and making her pussy flow warm and wet for me.

"Oh God!" she cried and threw her head back. "Sarah, oh-"

The thought that I pleased her that much with just my hands thrilled me, making my own pussy wet with delight. I then dipped my head and pressed my mouth over her throbbing sex. She tasted sweeter than she smelled, intoxicating me all over again. My tongue toyed with her sensitive clit, making her juices flow over my lips. The sound of her quick heavy breaths told me that she was close, Mia was

### **"I MADE HER COME UNTIL HER LEGS TREMBLED AND SHE COULDN'T HANDLE ANY MORE"**

going to come right here in my kitchen, by my hand - or mouth.

"I'm coming, oh Sarah, yes-yes-YES!" Mia cried out as her climax exploded. I didn't stop, though. My tongue continued to rub her hard clitoris, determined to keep her coming.

It continued like that for what seemed like an eternity, my mouth pleasing this beauty on my kitchen counter. I kept her coming until she couldn't handle any more. I felt the tremble in her legs as she came down off of the adrenaline rush, sweat clinging to her sweet skin. I looked up to find her face and saw the look of pure satisfaction saturating her face.

"Was that enough?" I whispered as I reached up to kiss her quivering lips and caress her subtle breasts.

"Yes, more than enough." Mia held me by the small of my back and slowly let her hands fall down to the button on my jeans. "Now it's your turn," she said as she popped the button open and pulled down the zipper. "But let's move to

a more comfortable spot."

I grinned and helped her down from my countertop before leading the beauty into my bedroom. I removed my jeans and underwear, finally completely naked as Mia was. I felt compelled to capture it on film.

"Would you mind if I took some pictures?" I asked, unsure, but gave her a smile.

Mia glanced over to my dresser where I kept a small Canon, perfect for times like these. She shot me a devilish grin and leaned over to swipe it from where it sat. I watched as she turned it on and hand it to me.

"Make them good, babe."

I clicked a few buttons and then placed the camera back on the dresser where it would snap shots of us together. We began kissing again, the passion heating back up quickly. Our naked bodies melding together as if we couldn't get close enough. I caressed her breasts, suckling her nipples with my mouth like little raspberries.

"Enough," Mia suddenly spoke and pushed my face away from her body. "I said it was your turn, did I not?"

"Yes, but-"

She put her finger to my lips again. "Shh, now tell me where you keep them."

I gave her a puzzled look. "Keep what?"

Mia leaned in and began to nuzzle my ear, her soft tongue toying with the lobe. I felt my eyes roll back in my head as my pussy ached for her mouth.

"The toys," she whispered. "I know that you are bi. I know that you must keep toys here. Let me play with you." The last words were as soft as a purr but sent a warm quiver down my body, tickling my sex.

I pushed Mia down onto her back and climbed on top of her long and tanned body. If I were a man I would have wrapped her legs around my waist and lost myself inside her. But it seemed that was what Mia wanted to do to me.

I could barely contain myself.

I quickly fumbled with the drawer in my night stand and pulled out a strap on. Dangling the strap from my finger, I turned and faced Mia with a grin.

"Here you go," I said and handed it to her. "You know how to use one of these?"

She snatched it playfully, rolling me off her and gave me that devilish grin from the kitchen where the corner of her mouth twisted up, begging to be nibbled on.

"Game on," she smirked, strapping it on like a pro. "Get on all fours..."

- S.M, Blacktown, NSW.









# SOAKING WET

EVE AND VERA EXPLORE THE GREAT OUTDOORS... AND EACH OTHER





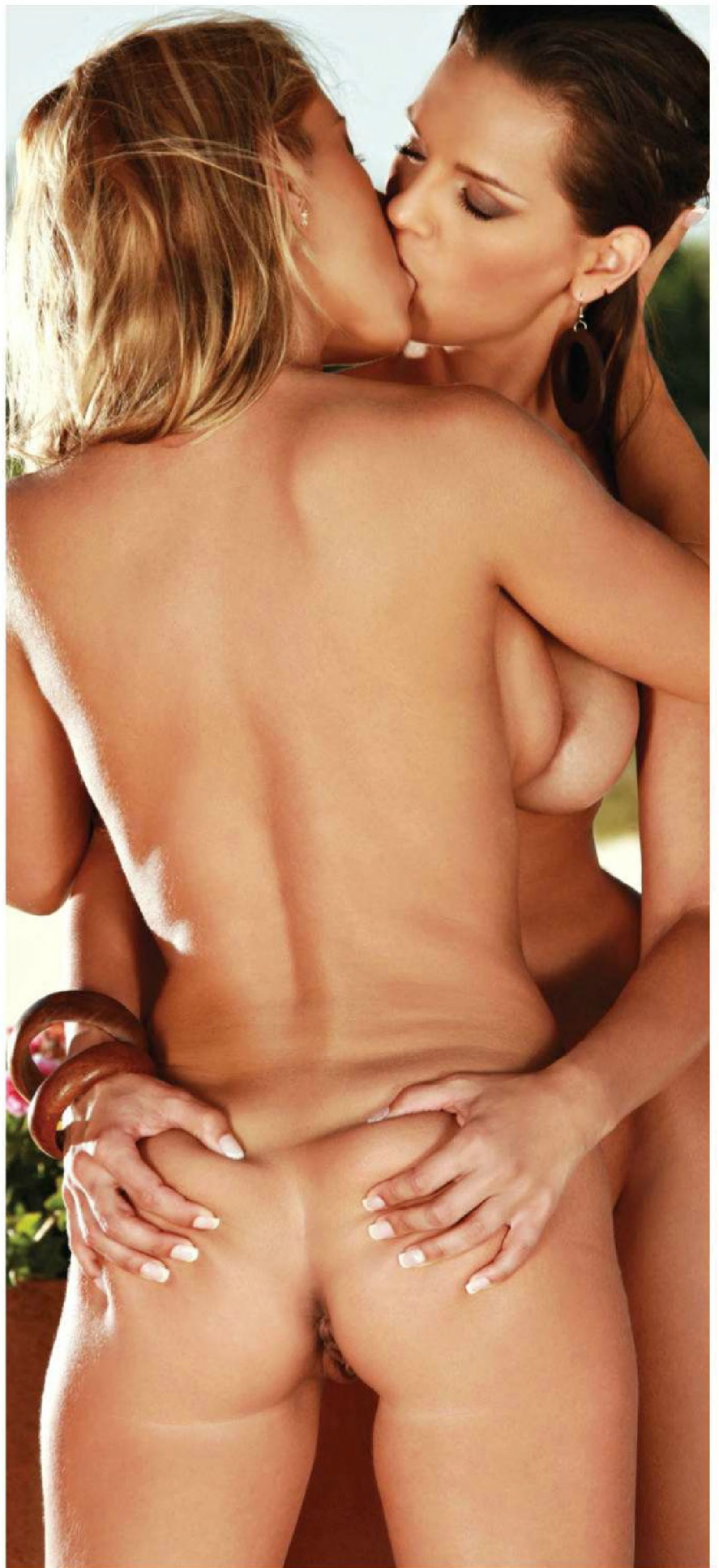




“I WAS EVE’S FIRST LESBIAN  
EXPERIENCE... SHE’S  
A NATURAL”

- VERA























## ➤ CHEATING

### AFTER HOURS

I have a hard time working with women so when I was allowed to hire an assistant, I picked a young man to cover my desk. He was ten years my junior and exceedingly handsome. To be honest I was never really attracted to him because I was happily married. Jeff had worked for me for two years when I began to suspect my husband was cheating on me. I confided my suspicions to Jeff one day and from then on he became my sounding board. Six months later my husband was travelling for a week at a time twice a month. I was convinced he was having an affair. Jeff tried to convince me otherwise suggesting I was being paranoid.

It all started on a Monday afternoon. My husband was headed out of town and we began fighting on the phone just as he was getting on a plane. The argument was completely out of control. I threatened to divorce him. It got ugly too quickly. I told him I knew he was seeing someone and instead of denying it he told me he was and that we needed to talk when he got back on Friday.

I spent the week stewing. Was he serious? Was he really cheating? I was so convinced before, but now I was pretty sure he was just playing with my head. I didn't call him all week and for his part he didn't call me. I shared the ordeal with Jeff who was supportive through the week. On Friday I realised I was going to have to go home and deal with the situation when Jeff peeked his head in the door and asked if I wanted to grab a drink before heading home. I jumped at the excuse not to go home and agreed.

The bar was crowded and I began drinking heavily. By midnight I was blitzed and Jeff offered to drive me home. I took him up on his offer. We walked to his car and he put me in the passenger seat and then he walked around to the driver's seat. When he sat down he didn't start the car. Instead he looked at me and told me that my husband was a fool for cheating on me. He began telling me how attractive I was. How he had had a crush on me since he took the job. How he had often thought about me when he made love to other women. I leaned over and kissed him to get him to stop talking. He kissed me back hard. I started to feel guilty about cheating on my husband, so I stopped and asked Jeff to drive me home.

When I got home my husband wasn't there, but there was a message from him saying he was going to be staying another week. I flopped on the bed and began masturbating,

imagining what would have happened if I had let Jeff keep going. I came and fell asleep soon afterward.

On Monday things were awkward between Jeff and I. I apologised for getting so wasted and tried to pretend I didn't remember kissing him. Later that afternoon I told Jeff that my husband hadn't come home and that he would be out for the rest of the week. I don't know why, but I started crying. Jeff stepped inside my office, closed the door and locked it behind him.

I watched Jeff quickly cover the ground between us and soon he was standing next to me as he took my arm and lifted me to my feet. Before I could say anything he began kissing me. My body was limp, but I kissed him back. The tension between us was electric. He ripped open my blouse exposing my bra and turned me around and leaned me over my desk. I pulled my panties down as fast as I could and lifted my skirt around my waist, exposing myself,

**"I PULLED MY PANTIES DOWN AND LIFTED MY SKIRT, EXPOSING MYSELF. I WANTED HIS COCK INSIDE ME"**

wanting his cock inside me.

I felt him slide his penis inside of me. I was turned on, my vagina was wet and it felt amazing to feel him inside of me. He rammed his cock inside of me over and over until he quickly pulled out, flipped me around and lifted me on to the desk. He slid his cock back inside of me and began kissing me. I wrapped my arms and legs around him and kissed him back. Oh God this was amazing. He was so strong. I loved fucking him.

He only lasted about five minutes, but I managed to have at least two orgasms before I felt him ejaculate inside of me. It happened so quick, I couldn't believe he was fucking me right in my office. I couldn't believe I was letting him. I couldn't believe he came inside of me. When he was done there was so much to say, but all I

could say was, "I needed that."

Jeff pulled his pants back up and quickly exited my office. I was left to try to find the two buttons that he had popped off my blouse. I sat down at my desk having been completely sexually satisfied. Fuck, what had I just done.

I stayed in my office until just after six hoping Jeff would have already left. Thankfully he was gone when I walked by his desk. I went home and got in the shower. About halfway through I heard the doorbell ring. I quickly got out of the shower and put on my robe thinking it must be one of the neighbourhood kids. To my surprise when I opened the door it was Jeff. He had a rolling suitcase with him and asked if he could come inside. I looked around and let him inside.

I couldn't believe he was here. He explained that he wanted to stay with me for the week. It was a terrible idea. My husband was cheating on me and wouldn't be back until Saturday, but he was my assistant, but I had let him fuck me earlier in the day. The answer was obvious; I told him he could stay.

That night we stayed in and ordered takeaway. Jeff barely finished his meal before he carried me to my bedroom and began making love to me. He took his time and made sure I was satisfied. We made love four times until around 3am I was so tired I begged him to let me go to sleep. The next morning we slept in and by the time we woke up it was 10am. I started to rush to get to work, but Jeff pulled me back in bed and we made love again until just after 11am. I couldn't get out of bed. We just laid there kissing and fucking. I was like a teenager again. Finally I called in sick and we spent the rest of the day together at the house.

My husband got home around 4pm and we had our talk. He sat me down and admitted he had been keeping things from me. He told me he'd been having problems at work, that there was a chance he might be getting made redundant and that he didn't want to tell me because he didn't want to stress me out. He said that stress had made him lose his sex drive. He apologised for lying and begged me to forgive him.

I felt horrible. I couldn't believe I had spent the week sucking and fucking my assistant while my husband had been going through hell. What a slut I had been. I couldn't tell him, but I felt horrible.

On Monday I told Jeff what my husband had told me. He was shocked. I told him we had to keep our relationship professional and I apologised for leading him on.

Two months passed and I found myself thinking about Jeff. When he would come in







## CHEATING

my office I would secretly wish he would rip my blouse off and bend me over my desk again. Then I would feel guilty for fantasising about him. One afternoon Jeff told me he wanted to talk to me about something. He sat down in my office and told me he was going to start seeing someone, but that he still had feelings for me. He wanted to know if I had feelings for him. I admitted that I did. That I thought about making love to him, but that I couldn't betray my husband again.

Jeff was clearly upset so I walked over to him and put my hand on his shoulder. I tried to comfort him, but I felt myself become aroused. I started getting wet and I wanted to feel him inside of me. Jeff turned and put his hand on my leg, slowly sliding it up under my skirt. I didn't stop him.

Jeff used his other hand and slowly pulled my panties down to my ankles and I stepped out of them. He unzipped his pants and freed his cock and pulled me around to straddle him. I lowered myself over his cock and once he was inside of me I opened my eyes and began kissing him. It felt amazing having him inside of me. I hadn't had sex in two months and it felt amazing. We fucked for almost half an hour until he legs fell asleep. When we were done I didn't know what to say so I put on my panties and went home.

Jeff called me three times and I let the first two go to voicemail, but I took the third call just after midnight. He just wanted to talk. I curled up on the couch and we talked about everything and nothing. Before we hung up he told me he was in his car in front of our house if I wanted to come out and give him a kiss good night. I told him to come to the door and I would let him kiss me. When he got to the door I let him come inside, my husband was upstairs asleep. Jeff pushed me against the wall and kissed me. I didn't stop him when he opened my robe and began fucking me. I just wrapped my legs around him and pressed my back against the wall so that he could penetrate me. God I love fucking him, I thought to myself. He came almost immediately before I was able to have my own orgasm.

When Jeff let down off the wall I pulled him to the couch in the living room and pushed him backwards so I could ride on his semi-hard cock. Jeff's semen was leaking out of me on the cushions and he tried to get me to stop so he could get a towel, but I wouldn't let him. I rode him until he was hard again and I had my own orgasm. It felt amazing. When I was done I kissed him goodbye and he left, my husband none the wiser...

– K.S, Newtown, NSW.

## CAUGHT IN THE ACT

**S**he thought I was out, safely tucked up in my office and unaware of what she was up to. But I'm smart. Smarter than her. I'd gotten wise to her little games.

I had suspected before, of course. Oh yes, it wasn't the first time that I had reckoned my wife had cheated. Furtive telephone calls taken at odd times; purchases of new and more alluring clothes; more frequent visits to the hairdresser and beautician. All these changes had led me to one simple and inevitable conclusion: Michelle was having an affair.

In the past I had come close to catching her out a few times – once in particular. I'd come home early from work and passed a young

## "THE SIGHT OF MY WIFE WITH ANOTHER MAN HAD GIVEN ME A HARD ON"

tradesman – a plumber, I think – just leaving the house. His guilty smile as he hopped into his vehicle told me everything I needed to know. Inside the house Michelle was in her bathrobe – unusual for her during the day. She was standing over the sink washing a wine glass. Another glass stood upside down on the drainer. She was clearly surprised to see me home at that hour and as she turned to me I could see that she was still flushed. As I embraced her I could still smell the man on her, his masculine scent mixed with the unmistakable aroma of perspiration and sex.

Of course, I should have confronted her there and then, got the whole thing out in the open. But, whilst my anger was rising, strangely, another part of me was rising as well. I was confused. My mind was sending messages to my body that I didn't fully understand. Here was my young, beautiful wife – my treasure – still reeking of a man who had obviously just fucked her, and I was getting an erection you could hang your coat on!



I had turned away from Michelle, embarrassed by my body's display of arousal, and made an excuse to go and shower. I could still feel the blood pounding through my swollen shaft as I stripped off and stepped beneath the warm, cascading water. As the down pouring water cleansed my body – if not my mind – I masturbated to a very quick climax, shooting the entire contents of my balls onto the floor of the stall.

But despite my confusion on that day so many weeks ago, I was still determined to catch Michelle in the act of adultery – perhaps now more than ever. My plan had been simple in the extreme. I am usually a creature of habit; leaving for work each day at much the same time and – normally – returning in the same regimented fashion. But a man could change. Couldn't he?

I had told my office that I would not be in at all that day and that I would not be contactable – they could survive without me for one day, I reasoned. As far as my wife was concerned it was a normal day. Bam found me kissing her cheek goodbye, taking my briefcase from the hall stand, patting my pocket for keys and closing the front door securely behind me. But





I wasn't going to work. I wasn't going to walk the kilometre walk to the railway station and catch the 8.30 express to the city. I had left the back door unlocked and, while Michelle took her morning shower, I crept surreptitiously back into the house.

I could hear the running of water from upstairs stop just as I padded silently into my den and closed the door. I had been just in time, I guessed. My mind was a turmoil of thoughts. Two days previously, my wife had received another of her secret telephone calls and I had overheard her arranging a meeting with someone for early that morning. Of course, it could have been completely innocent; a girlfriend perhaps. But I doubted it. If the call and subsequent appointment was without guilt, then why all the secrecy?

I didn't have long to wait before I found out the truth.

At a clearly pre-arranged time, Michelle descended the stairs and walked straight to the back door. She had dressed in a nice silky black shirt and black slacks. Her blonde hair was pulled back tightly in a pony-tail and she was bare-foot. I had to admit she looked very sexy.

I heard the glass door slide back effortlessly on its runner and then muffled voices. Slowly and carefully I opened the door to my den – just a crack. I still couldn't see the back door but I could hear the voices better and also had a good view of the lounge.

I felt my heart beat faster as my wife returned to the lounge. Her visitor was just behind her, their hands clasped together like teenaged lovers. Damn! It was that same son-of-a-bitch plumber that had grinned at me all those weeks ago. I could feel the hackles on the back of my neck rising and had to calm myself physically. There was no point in confronting them yet, there was really nothing to confront them with.

It was obvious that the young tradesman had not come to work on any of our kitchen appliances. There was no sign of any overalls or tool bag and he had dressed casually for the warm weather: light coloured shorts, sports shirt and sunglasses. He also sported a pair of leather sandals, which he kicked off and left by the door. For a moment I was stunned by the paradox: he was clearly not concerned about fucking my wife but seemed more anxious about scuffing my carpet with his shoes!

I watched silently as my wife led the young man into the lounge. They embraced in the centre of the room; their arms entwined about each other's bodies and their lips mashed together lustily. It was also a noisy kiss. Tongues darted in and out of mouths and slurped greedily.

Suddenly Michelle broke the kiss and stood back. She had a wicked look on her face and stared straight at her lover as she slowly unbuttoned the front of her blouse. Neither the young tradesman or I could keep our eyes from straying from her body as slowly - oh so slowly – Michelle shrugged the silken garment from her shoulders and revealed to us both her wonderful, large tanned breasts.

Still standing in the centre of the room, barefoot and now topless, Michelle grinned at the other man.

"You now." She said coolly. "I can already see you want me."

Michelle was not wrong. I followed her gaze to the front of the young man's shorts and quickly saw that he was sporting a large, hard bulge in the front. And he was not alone. The aching sensation from my own groin told me that it



## ➤ CHEATING

had happened again: the sight of my wife with another man had given me a hard-on!

I watched as Michelle reached out and touched the front of her lovers' shorts. The bulge twitched and a low moan escaped the young man's lips. His trembling hands caressed the soft slopes of her breasts as she squeezed gently at his crotch and his fingers flicked – not too softly, either – at the swollen pink buds of her nipples.

Both Michelle and the other man were moaning now, seemingly lost in their own lust for each other. They kissed again – more fervently this time – their hands exploring, fondling, groping. Michelle was breathless when at last the wet kiss was broken. "Let's get naked!" she panted.

I could see her breasts heaving and a sheen of perspiration already coating them as she virtually tore at the expensive designer slacks that she had bought on our last shopping trip. I had never seen her wear them before and now I knew the reason why. I wondered how many other items of clothing she had bought that were intended to please her lover (or lovers?) rather than me.

When the adulterous couple were finally completely naked, I watched them again fall into each other's arms. It seemed that they could hardly keep their hands off each other and for Michelle's part her fingers went straight to the solid erection that was standing proud between the young man's legs. He groaned again – deeply this time – as her cool fingers wrapped around his thick shaft. His hands, that were resting on her shoulders, began to push her downwards. Michelle knew instinctively what he wanted – as did I – and with a little crooked smile she dropped to her knees in front of him.

My own erection ached beneath my suit pants as I watched the young tradesman's head roll back and his eyes close. Michelle's fingers were working him expertly; gently pulling back his foreskin and stroking up and down the length of his shaft with careful, practised motions. I massaged and squeezed the front of my pants and groaned inwardly. The feeling of lust was beginning to encompass my whole body.

As I watched Michelle kneeling on the floor at her lovers' feet, I unzipped my suit pants and pulled my cock out. I felt so hot and turned on that I couldn't resist squeezing the head gently.

The young man's cock looked inflamed and swollen as Michelle caressed it. She gazed at the turgid weapon with a look that belied her excitement, opened her mouth and then guided

the whole length between her soft, painted lips. The young man cried out his ardour and his hands went to the back of her head, pulling her towards him and burying half the length of his shaft deep in her throat. Her hands were on his balls, stroking and teasing the sensitive flesh and she tilted her head back just a little further and I watched his entire cock disappear inch by inch into her windpipe.

For several more minutes I watched my cheating wife suck on another man's swollen tool and I have to say that it was one of the most exciting events that I'd ever witnessed. I stroked my own cock in time to her slurping, wet mouth as she devoured the appendage and had to stop and hold my breath on several occasions just to keep myself from climaxing onto the den carpet.

It seemed that the young tradesman was also

### **"I WATCHED AS HE PLACED HIS SWOLLEN WEAPON AT THE ENTRANCE TO MY WIFE'S SHAVEN PUSSY"**

concerned about cumming too soon. He looked down at my wife as she gobbled him greedily.

"Oh, baby," he panted, "not too much... mmm...I want to fuck you before I cum!"

This, it seemed, was all Michelle wanted to hear. Her own fingers had been busy between her legs as she deep-throated the man and with a muffled moan of excitement, her whole body began to shudder in a series of small orgasms.

"Oh, yes honey!" She breathed as his wet cock sprang from between her lips. "Fuck me. Fuck my tight pussy hard!"

I had rarely heard my wife use this type of language, even during the infrequent times that we made love. I have always been a quiet lover and I had assumed that she was the same. But now, here she was, naked and wanton and begging a young plumber to fuck her hard.

The young man did not need to be asked twice. With his cock swinging menacingly in front of him he bodily picked Michelle up and

practically threw her against the low coffee table that dominated the centre of the room.

"You want my cock, slut?" He almost growled.

By the way that Michelle opened her legs and peered back over her shoulder with a sly grin, her answer was very clear.

"Mmmm! Yes, baby. Fuck me. Fuck your bitch. Fuck your little married slut!"

Michelle placed her hands firmly on the table, spread her bare feet apart and pointed her ass upwards. She did indeed look like a slut. If I hadn't recognised her as the woman I'd been married to for the last three years I could have easily mistaken her for a cheap slut.

The young man grunted as he moved up behind my wife. He placed his swollen, twitching weapon at the entrance to her shaven pussy and lunged forward. There was no tenderness, no finesse. The man simply rammed his entire length deep into my wife's warm, wet pussy.

At that point I nearly came. It was a close thing and I had to bite my lip to stop myself from crying out. But Michelle had to suffer no such self-control and with a high-pitched cry she climaxed again.

Her young lover grinned lewdly as he held her hips and thrust himself in again. It looked like a power trip for him: taking another man's wife and causing her to orgasm as soon as he entered her. But his recent exploration of Michelle's throat was beginning to tell on his face and he was clearly not going to be able to hold back for much longer.

I could hear my wife groaning with every thrust. My own hand was back on my throbbing shaft now and I wanted – no, needed – to cum. I wasn't going to hold back any longer, I promised myself silently. I deserved to cum. Michelle had cum at least twice. Now it was my turn.

My lip was still a little painful from the previous bite but, to stop from crying out, I had to bite once again. I could taste the blood that trickled into my mouth as my teeth closed and my cock convulsed. I screwed my eyes shut and pumped my hand faster as the sperm flew. My fingers were covered and as I slowly opened my eyes I saw a long streak of my own jism trickling down the door in front of me.

"Shit, baby, I'm gonna cum for you!"

The young man's voice dragged my mind quickly back to what was happening. Michelle had disengaged herself and was lying back on the sofa obscenely displayed with her legs open wide and her breasts heaving up and down. In a flash her lover was beside her. His cock seemed to swell to mighty proportions in his hand as he leaned over my wife and jerked







## CHEATING

himself furiously. I don't think I had ever seen another man cum before – at least not “live” and in front of me like this – and, perversely, I seemed unable to take my eyes off him.

And then it happened. With a cry of triumphant satisfaction, Michelle's lover pulled back hard on his tool and pointed it directly at her heaving, sweat-glistened breasts. For a split second he remained motionless; eyes tight closed as he revelled in that brief moment of luxury before climax.

A single twitch of his cock broke the scene as he came. Jet after jet of thick, white sperm roped from the tip of his penis and splashed against Michelle's breasts. She wriggled and used her hands to smear the gunge over herself paying particular attention to her nipples. She trembled slightly and I'd swear that she had another orgasm right then.

Eventually the cheating couple collapsed

### **“MY WIFE'S LOVER POINTED HIS TOOL AT HER BREASTS BEFORE CLIMAXING”**

in a heap on the floor. Their arms and legs entwined as they gently caressed each other and luxuriated in that post-coital moment. Now I had a choice. The man in me was instructing me to barge straight into the room and confront them – the evidence of the young tradesman's sperm between my wife's breasts enough to convince any sceptic. But my wilted penis told a different story. If I tore into them now, kicked Michelle out of my life and suggested what she could do with her lover, would I ever once again experience what I had experienced that morning? I had some thinking to do, I realised and, leaving my wife curled up in the arms of another man, I slipped out of the house. I needed time to gather my thoughts...

That evening I returned home at what would have been the usual time. The two bites to my lower lip had caused it to swell a little and make my mouth look a little pouty. As my wife kissed me hello I flinched.



“What happened to your lip?”

“Nothing,” I replied. “It's nothing.”

My mind had been turning over all day with the dilemma that currently presented itself. But now that I was home and I could almost taste the other man on Michelle's lips. My masculinity cursed my body as I could feel an erection once again straining in my pants.

“Well,” she started, as she looked down at my bulging crotch, “this doesn't look like nothing!”

I swallowed hard. It was time to make a stand.

“Then suck it, slut!”

I looked into Michelle's suddenly surprised face and wondered how she was going to react. I closed my eyes and waited for a hand to slap my face hard. Nothing came. Instead, I heard a rustling as she dropped to her knees and felt her fingers grip the zipper of my pants and lower it. And then I felt her fingers; her mouth; her lips as she caressed me exquisitely.

I wasn't sure what I was going to do. Should I confront her? Or should I just enjoy the hotness it was bringing to our bedroom?

– E.N, Caloundra, Qld.





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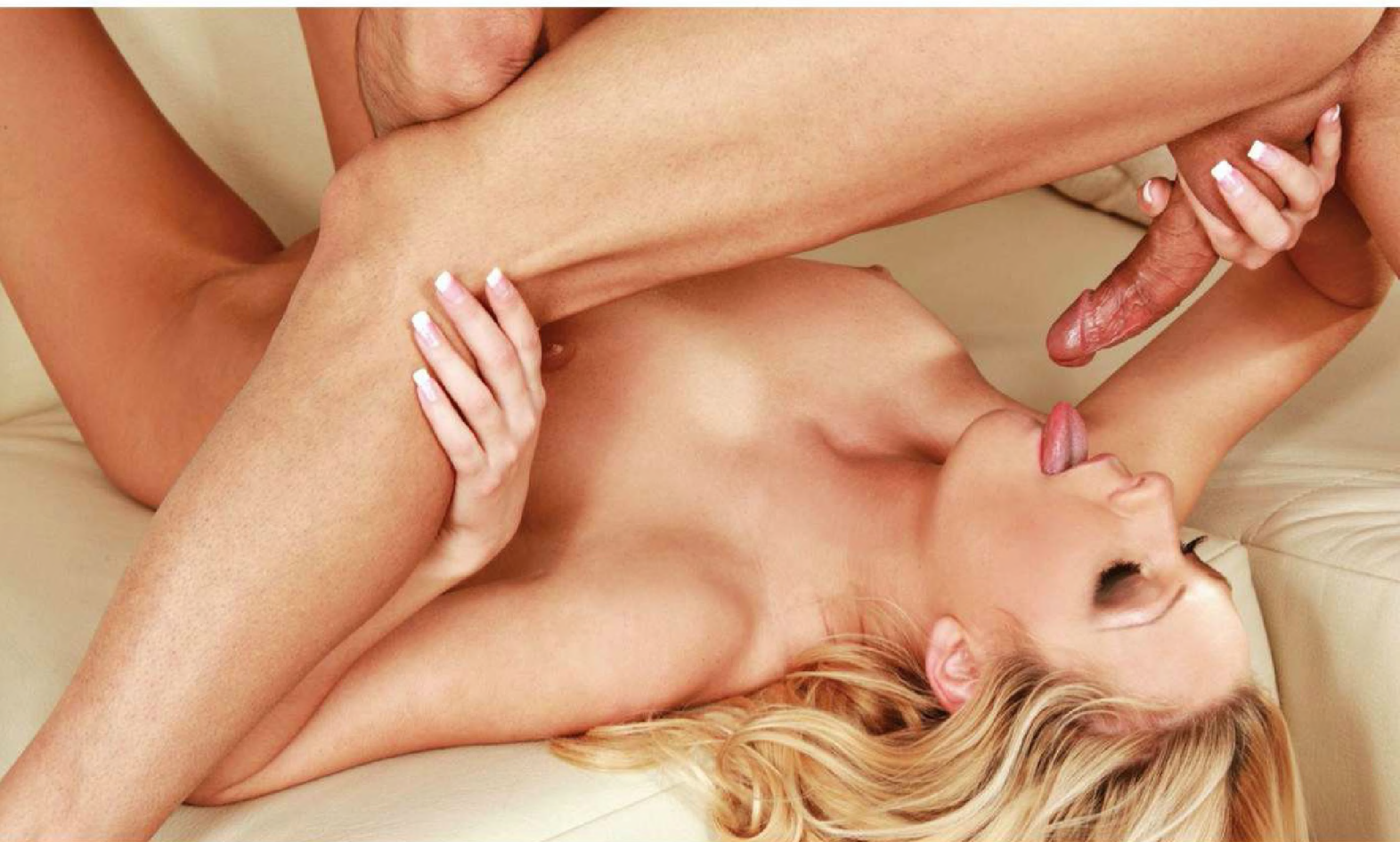
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